CANDOUR

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POLITICAL SNAKES & LADDERS

by ROSINE DE BOUNEVIALLE

In our childhood the mechanics of the parlour game were simple. It was up the ladders and down the snakes. We threw our own dice and the results whether elevating or disastrous were ephemeral. To children's eyes, things are what they seem, but woe to anyone who carries that simplicity into adulthood and the mortal game we are called to play, where the results will be anything but fleeting. A real pit yawns at the snake's end but not many of those hopefully aiming for the heights realize that not only are the dice loaded, but the board is on a turn-table so that what appears to be a ladder too often turns out to be a particularly slippery snake as soon as the gullible attempt to climb it.

How few of those who suffered and survived one or both world wars—the first "to end war", the second "to free the world from tyranny", comprehend even now how their sacrifice and dedication were utilized to bring about only opposite conclusions.

"The war to end war" provided the Jewish Money Power with a nearly inexhaustible loan market which brings to its coffers interest upon interest in every sense of the word so that the real wealth of nations is transferred to the great Zionist war-chest for the promotion of the Messianic conquest of the world envisaged in the Talmud.

The proof is that it took a power of real wealth, to send Lenin in his sealed train across the warring frontiers of Germany and Russia, to act as midwife to the Revolution in Moscow; to blackmail a president of the United States, Woodrow Wilson, into promulgating the infamous "sixth point for peace" which called for universal aid and comfort for the regime of the Bolshevik regicides; to inaugurate and finally to establish the venomous League of Nations conveniently sited in the land forever associated with the humanitarian society of the Red Cross. Humanly speaking, all this should have been enough for success, but the "divine spark" persists in flaring up in man, especially when he is pushed into the darkest place.

The captains and the kings might adopt the "peaceful" advice of the Warburg representatives of Kuhn, Loeb and Company seated on both sides of the table at Versailles, to betray their allies and succour their enemies, but when they began to implement it, the battered nations picked themselves up and instinctively tried to defend themselves, but without knowing who or where was the enemy, their morale was undermined long before the renewed barrage began to mow them down.

Although the American people would have none of the League of Nations, and their protests had made New York's direct aid to Red Russia politically impractical, the real and secret financing of the Revolution went on, but deviously through London, Paris and Berlin.

In the early twenties it was down the ladders—drink, drug and buy, for today we live. In the late twenties it was down the snakes—smash, grab and sell, for today we are dead.

It sounds very familiar today.

All the while the selective League of Nations did its intended task of re-aligning the victims for the next round when, strangely, everyone must be the enemy of Germany, Italy and Japan. Geneva found them *persona non grata*. "Workers of the world unite!", "Youth's noblest ambition must be to join the International Brigade in Spain", "Fascists are anti-Semitic racists irredeemably death-worthy", are slogans apt for the time. The more it changes, the more it remains the same. The British, however, feeling reasonably secure in their revitalised preference-linked Empire showed no enthusiasm for costly punitive expeditions to no "selfish national advantage" and right they were, but Baruch-inspired Churchill and Roosevelt soon changed all that. Another mighty Zionist push on the turntable and the British, French, Dutch and Belgian stabilising empires found themselves waging war by the side of the Red bog, into which, like Carver Doone, at the end of the fight they "sank slowly limb by

limb from sight". The justifiably reluctant Americans were bludgeoned into the battle by the "surprise" provoked attack on Pearl Harbour.

Six years of bloody destruction; a Communist carve-up at Yalta; a new set of "United Nations"; a couple of atomic bombs on the Japanese while they were suing for peace; and a "fair" trial at Nuremburg where the accused were all gentile and the witnesses, advocates and judges all shared the opposite bias, cleared the board for the next throw of the dice.

This time it was China that landed on the snake. When Patrick Hurley, American Ambassador there, complained to President Truman of the pro-Communist activities of some of his State Department subordinates which he considered inimical to what he understood to be United States foreign policy, they were recalled, only to return as United Nations officials with greater authority than that of the Ambassador. Patrick Hurley resigned and the late Chiang Kei Shek's anti-Communist China was relegated to the politically speaking non-existent Tai-wan. The "Big Four" of Churchill's oratory were now the "Big Two" and the Revolution sweeps on in the criminal shambles of Vietnam and the classroom jungles of Great Britain where children will be comprehensively "educated" to accept the "Big One".

Now it is down the ladders and snakes of aid, trade and detente, for today we co-exist. But in case we should lose hate through a shortage of enemies, there are still Rhodesia, South Africa, Chile, Spain and Tai-wan— the "fascist" foes that should make us scurry down to the European bunker. That the British people still want none of it is shown by the desperate tactics of our devil-driven politicos.

First we were told that it was an economic haven we were going into; then it was a political heaven; now it is a political and economic shelter—but also a platform from which we shall launch United Europe on a trip to new ranges of "broad sunlit uplands". At first it was only we "fascist beasts" who were "agin it" under any guise, and we were either ignored or were subjected to abuse by the media and its masters. Now it is the anti-fascist heroes of the Left who dominate the anti-Market campaign and are the recipients of Establishment cash and coverage. Whilst the original opponents are rejected as pariah racists, all others are implored to cling to Europe as the last defence against Communism. Can confusion be worse confounded?

Yes it can. The Referendum, demanded by anti-Marketeers to rescue us from the consequences of "constitutional treason" is itself declared *un*constitutional and not binding on Parliament anyway.

The corridors of Brussels echo with the patter of Edward Heath, Harold Wilson, Goff Whitlam, Pierre Trudeau, the ghost of John Kennedy and all, urging Britain to take the fatal step. No political corpse has been left unturned to advertise the desirability of its own grave. Even Macmillan has been raised from the dead to exhort—oh irony of ironies! —that Britain should "remain true to her word". If nothing else should prevent us from co-operating in the vile treason that has been committed by a succession of political Fausts in the name of the British Sovereign and people, it must surely be the overweening insolence of that arch-betrayer at home and abroad of the British race and nations.

Indeed, let us keep faith but let be with God and our country. Let us stand immovable at the still true centre of the whirling world until the "fiend voices that rave" are strangled by their own lies. Then may the people of Britain be heard at last.

CUT AND THRUST

by KEVAN BLEACH

Harold Wilson's recommendation that we should accept his re-negotiated terms for membership of the Common Market, and thus remain in it, should have come as no wonder to anyone, despite his protestations for months beforehand of being determined to safeguard our national sovereignty and interests. When his re-negotiation performance was in full swing last September, Jeremy Thorpe, on *The World at One* radio programme, made no bones about the fact that Wilson was "privately still committed to the idea of Europe". Indeed, he has been an enthusiastic supporter of British membership of the E.E.C. since the occasion in 1956 when he welcomed it as evidence of "more controls, more positive Socialist planning". Throughout his song-and-dance over the Heath-Rippon terms of entry—performed for the dual purpose of exploiting for electoral advantage people's discontent with the E.E.C. and of preserving some semblance of unity between the pro and anti-Market factions in the Labour Party—he has no more dreamed of opting out of the E.E.C. than of securing for the nation charge over the issue of its own currency or of strengthening the armed forces, or of any other measure designed to help the British people regain control over their own affairs.

Because of this it is ironic, yet not surprising, that the very Government which now looks likely to deliver us for good into the keeping of the ruthless power elite behind the E.E.C. is that which last year so many sincere anti-Marketeers voted into office, on the advice of Enoch Powell, as representing the sole hope of rescuing Britain from the internationalists' clutches. Such are the pitfalls of playing politics, a tactic *Candour* has always opposed. Had all the anti-Market forces in this country stuck immutably in the two general elections of last year to the robust rebuke: "A plague on all your houses", and thrown their weight behind candidates who epitomised *true* resistance to the E.E.C.—mainly those of the National Front—it is conceivable that they would be in a far stronger position now to put a stop to the Government's nefariousness. In the battle for national survival in which we are all involved, there can be *no* place for compromise with self-seeking parties who are all equally likely to betray their nation and people. Tragically this is a fact which so many folk seem determined to learn the hard way.

BUSTED TRUSTEES?

Just as no trust may be placed in the Tory, Liberal or Labour parties to spearhead a movement for national independence, so, too, does it increasingly appear that establishment pressure-groups and campaigns are turning out to be less than effective in the same cause. The National Referendum Campaign, a self-appointed body which claims to act as a representative umbrella for all the anti-E.E.C. forces, does not, as revealed in *Candour* a couple of months ago, specifically demand British withdrawal. Instead, according to *The Guardian,* its officials say that sovereignty may be restored simply by amending a clause in the European Communities Act. Perhaps this lack of commitment explains why one of its leading lights, the Right Honourable Douglas Jay, M.P., feebly admitted on the B.B.C. television that he would be perfectly happy to abide by the result of the referendum whichever way it went, as if for any fighter dedicated to the cause of a free Britain a "Yes" result could conceivably mean the end of the struggle. In such a situation it would be unthinkable for our efforts to be anything but doubled.

Both the N.R.C. and the Get Britain Out Campaign have not taken long to convey the impression that they are more concerned with rejecting out of hand the very considerable help to be offered by the National Front than with involving *all* effective anti-Market organizations in a concerted struggle. The N.F.'s application for affiliation with the N.R.C. and for a representative of the movement to be allocated a place on its executive, which would have served to breathe some life into it, was summarily turned down last month without the courtesy of an explanation, while the G.B.O. group has warned in circulars that "the only people we are not prepared to work with are supporters of the National Front", although this ban does not appear to have been extended to supporters of other, numerically less significant groups on the "extreme Right" such as the British League of Rights. Indeed, one such G.B.O. circular proscribing N.F. members received by myself was signed by a person who, in another capacity, is the Assistant National Director of the League of Rights! ! !

That the National Front has every right to be affiliated to any umbrella group set up to co-ordinate anti-Common Market activities and to dispense whatever Governmental financial assistance is forthcoming for the promotion of the anti-Market case is affirmed by the fact that it is the only political party to have opposed, actively and unequivocally, from its inception the attempts by Wilson and Heath to bulldoze us into the E.E.C., and is the only party to offer as the alternative to Europe the all-too--necessary rebuilding of our beneficent trading system with the White Commonwealth.

Where lies the motive, then, for this proscription, since both the National Referendum Campaign and Get Britain Out assert that they are "all-party" affairs? Could it be anything to do with the anti-Market campaign being financed mainly by the trade unions, and the fear that any association with the National Front might cause union leaders like Jack Jones or Alan Sapper, who have no exorbitant love of the N.F. to froth at the mouth? That seven left-wing Labour M.P.s whose names partly adorn G.B.O.'s letter-heading have said they would not speak on the same platform as their fellow-G.B.O. Council member, Enoch Powell, is a significant pointer, and so is the petulant remark of the Socialists' official mouthpiece, *Labour Weekly,* that their anti-Marketeers "draw the line at any co-operation with the National Front".

If this is, indeed, the case, it will merely play into the hands of clever-dick propagandists in the European Movement and Conservative Party who are doing their damnedest to hoodwink the public into thinking that the anti-Market cause is a Left-wing ramp designed to bring about a Marxist, trade-union-dominated Britain responsive to the dictates of Soviet Russia . . . and when one examines the political backgrounds of some of the infra-red gentry now belatedly associated with this cause, it is possible to understand why some people

feel that the alternative they offer to the E.E.C. would be hardly more desirable than continued membership of the E.E.C. itself!

PORTUGAL IN THE PIT

That the step from uninstructed democracy to open communism is a short one is to be seen better in no other country at the present time than Portugal. The Communists have shown in an organised campaign of terror, which began in January with the all-night siege by their followers of the congress in Oporto of the conservative Centre Social Democrats, that they are hell-bent on smashing into submission and defeat all opposition parties before the soon-to-be-held elections. So cocksure and determined are they that they have attacked even the Marxist-leaning Socialists. That the Reds could not get away with this without the connivance of the ruling Armed Forces Movement is obvious, so it would appear the intention is for Portugal to slide into a Communist dictatorship under the false flag of freedom which the A.F.M. hoisted over their revolution a year ago. Already on the state-run television network anything even mildly critical of Communism is banned, while viewers are given an unending diet of programmes that glorify Cuba. Enquiries for Solzhenitsyn's books are said to be met with the reply in almost any Lisbon bookshop that this "reactionary" writer has been removed from the shelves. Control of newspapers has been carved up broadly between Communists who have the lion's share, and an alliance of Socialists and Maoists—plans to produce a new right-of-centre paper had to be shelved because no-one could be found to print it.

If history teaches us anything, it is that the real trouble for Portugal has yet to begin, compared with which the hitherto headline-catching riots and demonstrations will pale into insignificance. The Red terror which is now starting to visit the country—with its coming slaughter of patriots, its destruction of the churches and its organised attempts to wipe out religion—will follow exactly the same course as did the terror in Russia, Hungary and Spain before the last war, and in Eastern Europe after it. But though Communism may well take charge in Portugal in the near future, it will be of short duration for the national spirit of that country and of the Mediterranean race in general is almost boundless in its individualism and will not buckle under for long to such an alien totalitarianism.

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STUNNING LIFE PRESERVER

Another example of the Conservative Central Office propaganda boys at work must be the recent speech by the Opposition spokesman on Europe, Mr. Eldon Griffiths, in which he explained for the benefit of his audience how the British way of life was "safer inside the European Community than outside". The man might at least have shown more evidence of having observed what has already occurred before presuming to lecture others on what the future portends. So far we have had to swallow such innovations as decimalisation, European road signs, metrication, and the presence on our quiet country roads of Continental monster lorries, surely these should have shown him the anti-British nature of so much of the "harmonisation" brought about in the recent past.

Mr. Griffiths might also have been all the wiser for noting that one of the fundamental principles on which the E.E.C. was founded is the free movement of labour and capital, which could well mean within the next decade that many of our top businesses and industries, since they will have to cater for the European mainland market, will be forced to move to the financial hinterland of the E.E.C. lying between the Ruhr and Rotterdam. Our best managers and most skilled workmen will then be forced to follow them. They will not need to be shipped across the Channel to work for Krupps as might, under the worst assumption, have happened under Hitler, but will go "voluntarily", since the alternative will be lower pay or no work. Yet once this has occurred, there is little hope that Britain, with much of the best of her population forced overseas, will decline into a second Ireland, pleasantly empty, for the attraction of our welfare services could well lead to those departing having their places taken as the years pass by floods of our new fellow-"Euroids" from Turkey, Greece, Algeria, Martinique and other presently-aspiring members of the "Community".

Had he acquainted himself with all these likelihoods, Mr. Griffiths would have had no alternative in logic but to inform his audience that so far from preserving the British way of life, the ethnic cosmopolis known as the E.E.C. will be Britain's graveyard.

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HALF A LOAF IS *NOT* ENOUGH

by KEVAN BLEACH

So often in the past to draw attention to the nexus between international capitalism and international socialism has led people to question *why* men who achieve success under capitalism should be so foolish as to subsidise revolt against capitalism and so cut their own financial throats. One of the best answers to the scepticism behind the question was that alleged to have been given by a Wall Street banker, who had provided funds for the Bolsheviks in Russia, to the Compte de Saint-Aulaire, who was once French Ambassador to Britain. Said the banker: "Marxism, you say, is the bitterest opponent of capitalism, which is sacred to us. For the simplest reason that they are opposite poles, they deliver over to us the two poles of the earth and permit us to be its axis. These two opposites, Bolshevism and ourselves . . . the doctrines of the two poles of society, meet in their unity of purpose: the renewal of the world from above by the control of wealth and from below by means of revolution." Though doubt has sometimes been cast on the authenticity of this quotation, it is in any case an authentic *explanation* of the paradoxical attraction of capitalism and communism for ruthless men who make use of both for their own power-hungry purposes.

Some, however, while recognising that finance-capitalism has long been the friend and ally of revolution, have drawn conclusions about the political motive behind this which fall a little short of the mark which denotes a comprehensive grasp of the conspiracy which has bedevilled the twentieth-century world. One such would appear to be Anthony Sutton, a writer already deservedly famous for his three-volume *Western Technology and Soviet Economic Development,* which removed all doubt that so far from the Soviet Union pulling itself up by its own bootstraps, Russian industrial and technological development has been crucially dependent since 1917 on Western—principally American—aid. Sutton's new work, *Wall Street and the Bolshevik Revolution,** is another such scholarly study, and examines the extent to which the international banksterdom of New York provided financial support for Lenin, Trotsky and the rest in their foul work. With the aid of State Department records, J. P. Morgan, John D. Rockefeller and Jacob Schiff are all meticulously indicted for the part they played through their various fronts.

Yet where Anthony Sutton's book is wanting is in his explanation of *why* there should have been this alliance between "International Political Capitalists and International Revolutionary Socialists". In his view, the "simplest explanation" is that "a syndicate of Wall Street financiers enlarged their monopoly ambitions and broadened horizons on a global scale. The gigantic Russian market was to be converted into a captive market and a technical colony to be exploited by a few high-powered American financiers and the corporations under their control . . . "

So, in effect, we are told that Morgan, Rockefeller and the Kuhn, Loeb gang were simply greedy capitalists who thought that by granting financial assistance to the Bolsheviks they would be able to capture a preferential access to the enormous Russian market. If this was indeed their aim, then what possible logic *could* there have been in seeking new markets precisely where they had built up a force dedicated to their overthrow.

Doubtless many gullible capitalists—mostly small fry—thought, and still think, they can outwit the Communists for their own commercial gain. Yet as a *total* explanation of why Wall Street bank-rolled the Bolsheviks this simply will not do. The real motive for the top international bankers' support for Communism is one which is far more malevolent, and at which Anthony Sutton does little more than hint. For them both capitalism and communism are means towards an end, and that end—that messianic vision—is the destruction of the traditional Western world as the prelude to shepherding mankind into a One World strait-jacket with "sole sovereign sway and masterdom" vested in their hands over the whole range of the world's economic activity. A few reviewers have applauded Sutton's reluctance to draw such "sweeping" conclusions from the evidence he marshals, but unless some prognostication is made of the direction which the creators of this nexus are likely to take there is a danger that readers of Sutton's book will remain politically ignorant—or at least only half aware—of the nature of the enemy confronting us all. The foul objective of these power-addicts must be exposed if ever it is to be curbed, for only by exposition of the plot can James Warburg's threat that "we shall have World Government whether we (by which he meant *you*) like it or not" be averted.

**Wall Street and the Bolshevik Revolution, Anthony Sutton*

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CANDOUR — 1975

Candour is now well into its twenty-second year of publication and our morale is high. Since January many hundreds of you, our readers, have received little pale blue reminder slips with apologies for our failure to send these when subs fell due. Your response was wonderful. Letters have been pouring in from all over the world; warm heartfelt letters of encouragement and praise far beyond anything we deserve, and containing not only cheques and money orders for overdue subscriptions, but many donations for the A. K. Chesterton Trust. A few extracts from these are published below.

Although most of you have now paid subscriptions until 1976 and. indeed, a few as far ahead as 1978, there are some of you who are only paid up until June, July or August of this year despite having sent us whacking cheques for arrears. While we hesitate to worry you again in the near future we are determined that from now on things must be kept up to date, for your convenience as much as for our own accounting. Please, therefore, do not take it amiss if you receive another reminder this year.

To all those of you who have sent donations large and small our sincere thanks. All sums of £1 or over have been acknowledged by personal letters and to those of you who sent smaller but very welcome donations may we now express our deep appreciation.

Owing to astronomical postal charges, we shall answer all letters as soon as they arrive but may hold our replies over for posting with *Candour* whenever this is possible. This applies only to U.K. correspondence as *Candour* is sent overseas at Newspaper Rates.

And now for a few of your words of encouragement which mean so much to us.

Faversham, Kent, England: "In these difficult times I think sometimes that yours is the only voice of sanity."

From a member of the Bulawayo Branch of the Candour League of Rhodesia: "When A.K.C. died I thought, 'ah, that will be the end of *Candour*', but how wrong that proved to be. My heartiest congratulations . . . the day that *Candour* arrives is still a red letter day in this household."

Ontario, Canada: "I am happy to see the fashion in which you have continued Chesterton's work, although I imagine that a great deal of effort and work must go into this. It is a great tribute when those he left behind can so accomplish their task that 'he being dead yet speaketh'."

Durban, South Africa: "I do appreciate being able to keep in touch with events in Britain and also get at the truth of what is going on."

Reading, England: "Congratulations to all on maintaining *Candour's* splendid standard."

New Zealand: "I am very pleased to note that the standard of journalism is being maintained in keeping with that of the past. I find the newsletter most interesting and informative."

Illinois, U.S.A.: "*Candour* is an exception to my disengagement from contemporary interests, both because I feel a due *pietas* to its great founder and because I admire the courage and discernment with which you are continuing its publication. I need not say that I wish you every success."

And just to show that all is not gongs and glory here is an extract from a South African's letter which has really put us on our toes:

"The degree of inefficiency to which you have attained in the matter of subscriptions continues to astound me"! !

Let us hope that, with your co-operation, such swingeing criticism can never be levelled at us again.

ANTI-MARKETEERS SAY "OUT, OUT, OUT"

BOTHA'S BOOB

Candour has often argued that the proper study of political mankind is the study of power elites, without which nothing that happens can be understood. These elites prefer to work in private, because the essence of conspiracy is that it be incubated in secrecy and that the conspirators do not defeat their own ends by avowing their objectives. Among the network of such organisations covering the globe and shaping events from invulnerable positions behind the scenes is the American Council on Foreign Relations (or C.F.R. as it is normally referred to), and like all the others it has been only too glad to avoid the limelight, Hence the fuss, revealed by Ivor Benson, when South African Cabinet Minister P. W. Botha blew the gaff in a public speech by making some uncomplimentary remarks about the C.F.R.'s role in American subversive activities. That Botha had touched a live wire was made manifest by the furious attacks which came down upon his head by the English-language press and also some of the Afrikaans papers. Then appeared a statement in the *Sunday Times* to the effect that Botha had had a talk with D. P. de Villiers, the head of the liberal and moneyed Nasionalepers group in the Cape—and had undertaken not to raise the subject again.

Perhaps Mr. Botha was reminded of the fate of another one-time Cabinet minister, Dr. Carol de Wet, who had the temerity to criticise publicly the power wielded by Harry Oppenheimer. The moment *he* opened his mouth too wide he was relieved of his Cabinet post.

* * * *

Reflection on the dominant and untrammelled influence of Oppenheimer—and those, indeed, behind him—to whom Vorster, Smith and the rest are but tools, leads one to recall an apt quotation from G. K. Chesterton:

> The main mark of modern governments is that we do not know who governs, *de facto* any more than *de jure*. We see the politician and not his backer; still less the backer of the backer; or, what is most important of all, the *banker* of the backer. Throned above all, in a manner without parallel in all the past, is the veiled prophet of finance, swaying all men living by a sort of magic, and delivering oracles in a language not understanded of the people . . .

There lies the heart of our enemies' power.

CHURCH SUBVERSION CONDEMNED

Since *Candour* has often had to comment on the more outrageously subversive utterances of the liberal clerics of all denominations so beloved of the media, we are glad to be able to quote from a report in *The Universe* of the speech addressed to a PRO FIDE rally at Ashby-in-Makerfield on Sunday, 9th February, 1975, by Father Paul Crane, S. J., editor of *Christian Order*.

As the common enemy obviously sees the "secularisation of the Gospel" as a priority in the world-takeover battle, Father Crane's forthright condemnation should hearten all who may sometimes have thought that clerical supervision was complete.

Father Crane said:

> **"The causes of the secularisation of the Gospel message of Christ, and its inversion towards purely human 'do-good-ism' was clear. A lot of it arises from weakening the teaching on original sin, which once denied undermines so much of the Faith and leads logically and inevitably to the denial of the fall of man and hence the need for redemption, and in consequence of the divinity of the Redeemer.**
>
> **Christ becomes no more than the best of all good men who had for his primary task confrontation with the Establishment of his day, and the destruction of the oppressive socio-political structure on which its power rested.**
>
> **In this way the mission of Christ is secularised; so too is that of his church.**
>
> **Its primary task, we are told by the social gospellers, is not the salvation of men but their material comfort. Thereby the Church is reduced in their eyes to a super-agency of social reform and nothing more; fit subject for the ultimate accolade, which is association with the World Council of Churches in its drive for the material betterment of mankind—the earthly paradise goal which eventually converges with the goal of Communism."**

A SALUTE TO PHIL BURBIDGE

They say old soldiers never die but simply fade away and that, alas, has been true of one of *Candour's* longest and most loyal supporters.

Long after he "retired" to Cornwall we would get news of his surprising Harold Wilson with unwelcome greetings on his return from the Scilly Isles, or he would turn up in London or Scotland game for any political demonstration. But time passed and letters went unanswered and now we know there is a gap in our ranks left by one of the truest and most God-fearing of patriots we have been privileged to know.

His staunchness against Communism, International Financial, terrorism and treason was firmly rooted in his deep Christian faith—never too narrow to make room for fellowship with other denominations but shrinking with infallible instinct from the tainted ecumenism of the World Council of Churches long before that body paraded itself so blatantly as a fund-raising front for terrorists.

It might give a mistaken impression of the man to try to summarise his life—there seemed to be nowhere in the world he had not visited whether as a soldier in the Hussars in World War I, or as a merchant seaman later—yet he had farmed for a time in Mexico, worked his way around the U.S.A. and Canada and made so many friends in every part of the world that he would speak with authority on the true nature of the links which hold Britons together under God and the Crown across the world.

As an activist in the League of Empire Loyalists he was game for any ploy, however outrageously presumptious, but he was not given to blind obedience and the demonstrations which gave him the deepest satisfaction were not against the petty politicians whose posturings barely deserve the dignity of treason but when he defended the Queen by slapping the then Lord Altrincham's face for insulting her, or fired his booming broadside across the Thames at Greenwich against the monstrous hospitality accorded to Bulganin and Kruschchev, or denounced Jomo Kenyatta for the foulness of Mau Mau, or hauled down the United Nations flag and threw the "rag" away. He posed as a rough diamond but had no trouble getting into a Prime Minister's reception without a ticket. He could merge into any crowd and yet stand out from it as the authentic voice of the "people" untainted by phoney propaganda for miscegenation.

He was wonderful with children but never married and his inability to compromise or paste over any surrender of principles caused some estrangement from many dear to him, but there was never a man more ready to forgive or apologise for unduly hasty words and the prayers he learned at his mother's knee remained his from the heart through his long life. R.I.P.

Leslie von Goetz

SAY NO

TO TREASON

LIGHT AND BITTER

The National Front's march through Islington last month in protest at the local Council's ratting, under Communist pressure, on a booking for the use of the Town Hall, provided the B.B.C. with yet another opportunity for their hatchet-men to get to work. Violence was expected, as the usual bevy of Red Front hooligans had declared their intention to "smash" the march, and if anything is guaranteed to induce B.B.C. coverage of an N.F. activity, it's the possibility of a punch-up. But to their chagrin the march took place without incident. Consequently, instead of presenting viewers of the *Nine O'Clock News* that evening with shots of National Front marchers going peacefully on their way—as, surely, objectivity demanded—we were greeted with the sight of ranks of policemen holding back ranks of snarling leftists from . . . *nothing*! There was just a clear, wide road with not an N.F. man in sight. Then came the announcement: "We have just heard that the march has passed through."

Were the B.B.C. to turn up for the F.A. Cup Final at five o'clock in the afternoon and put on the screen a picture of an empty pitch and all the spectators filing away from the terraces, followed by the announcement "We have just heard that the match has finished", the roof would be raised. Why, then, were they allowed to get away with this unfortunate removal of the National Front's march from viewers' eyes?

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NO SENSE FROM SELLY OAK

In what to reasonable ears must have seemed a vicious and spiteful little outburst, the labour M.P. for Selly Oak, Mr. Tom Litterick, has protested about our sending the frigate *Lowestoft* to Da Nang before the port was captured by the Vietcong. To him, this was "sickening". In every continent of the world, he said, "we are on the wrong side of the barricades. We are fighting on behalf of dirty little governments . . . against the people of the Third World. It is common knowledge that Mr. Wilson has never been opposed to American policy in Indo-China."

Had this doughty champion of the "people of the Third World" the slightest notion of the duality of American political attitudes, he would realise that U.S. policy has worked towards precisely the goal which it would appear he himself believes in—the Communisation of the whole of Vietnam. That is why Harold Wilson has never opposed it. The Vietnam war was probably the last in a series of alarums and excursions—some natural, some created—which have enabled the United States to play a flamboyant role as the vaunted champion of the anti-Communist cause, while at the same time ensuring that the end result is anything but a crushing defeat for the Communists. Now that the two nominally antagonistic pens into which these manoeuvrings has served to drive mankind are in the preliminary stages of being merged as one—not to mention the pile which they have made for the armament industries and finance houses—the pretence will gradually be dropped, and doubtless soon we shall see the extension of generous credit facilities to a unified Red Vietnam in order to assist "reconstruction" or perhaps even a Marshall Aid-type scheme for the whole of South-East Asia.

Not without good reason did Madam Nhu, the sister-in-law of former-President Diem, bitterly remark that those who have America as an ally have no need of enemies.

Before the arrival on Easter Monday of the Russian "trade union" commissar and former K.G.B. chief, Alexander Shelepin, several well-meaning patsies in union circles here expressed the conviction that contact with a "free" country and "free" trade unions might induce some kind of relaxation in the way the Russian dictators administer what they laughingly describe as their trade union movement. A more fatuous sentiment than that such a blood-stained and diabolical creature as Shelepin should be so sensitive, steeped as he is in all the vileness of the

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evil and unrelenting creed of Communism, is difficult to conceive. In fact, the influence is more likely to have worked in the reverse direction, since Shelepin's aim in being fêted here was to increase Russian contact with, and influence over, British trade unions, just as he is attempting to do with others in Western Europe. To have witnessed, too, at first hand the full gamut of industrial stoppages, from dustmen to hospital consultants, taking place during his visit must, if anything, have convinced him even more firmly of the need to ensure that Russian workers do not become infected with a similar fetish to down tools every five minutes!

The protest against Shelepin's visit should have been nationwide. Sufficient resentment existed in the hearts of ordinary working-people to have wrecked the T.U.C.'s cringing "mustn't be beastly to the Bolsheviks" attitude. Yet what happened? Practically the only voices that were raised in *active* protest, with the honourable exceptions of the *Daily Mail* newspaper and the London Area N.F. Trade Unionists' association, were those of various self-interest groups with particular religious or ethnic axes to grind. Similar situations arose during the visit of Kosygin in 1967, and when Bulganin and Kruschev came here in 1956 to sup with Anthony Eden. The only organisation utterly resolved to ensure that the visit of these two Red butchers on British soil should not be allowed to go down in history as a gala occasion was the League of Empire Loyalists. It is for this kind of reason—that most ordinary folk will always find an abundance of reasons to justify their unwillingness to lift even their little fingers in protest—that our country is going helter-skelter to the devil, while the devil's agents are welcomed here when they arrive to assist in that process.

LEISCHINGS OF LOVE IN WINCHESTER

What an example has been set by the Governor of Winchester prison, Mr. Frank Leisching. One hundred prison officers passed a vote of no confidence in the governor claiming that discipline has dropped to a dangerous level because of his lenient attitude and cited as an example of his gentle nature that he sent a "get well" card to a prisoner who had caused the death of his cell mate by arson.

Well, why stop at "get well" cards. Let's start a fund to boost the Post Office by sending Christmas hampers, Easter eggs, Mother and Father Day cards and birthday greetings to all our incarcerated murderers, rapists, burglars, muggers and terrorists. If we don't, no doubt the Government will Benn-d over backwards to underpin another failed industry with our money.

ITS NOT PROTOCOL!

In an obituary which appeared following the mysterious assassination of King Faisal, the *Guardian* remarked that the late monarch had a proclivity for handing out copies of the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion* to visiting journalists. So look out all you propagators of the *Protocols* . . . *you* might be next in the firing line! !

JANUS

WITHOUT COMMENT — FROM *THE SUNDAY TELEGRAPH* 6.4.1975

Spanish Chestnut

"Didn't you hear about 1939 and the war?" Jack Jones angrily asked some anti-Shelepin demonstrators last week. "Russia was one of our allies who helped us fight Fascism." Others have been prompt in reminding the general secretary of the T.G.W.U. that in 1939 Russia was the ally of Nazi Germany and remained so until attacked by Hitler in 1941.

Mr. Jones can nevertheless claim more personal experience of the fight against Fascism than many of his political associates. Although he spent the crucial years 1939-45 as a trade union official, he had previously served in the Major Attlee Company of the International Brigade during the Spanish Civil War and had been wounded on the Ebro.

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